

MRS. WHITAKER'S DEAF EAR.

Mrs. Whitaker was deaf in one ear. It was her right ear, and it was stone deaf. Mrs. Whitaker had acquired a habit of sleeping upon her left side, with her deaf ear up, and this had often been a source of annoyance to her husband, who was nervous and irritable, while she was a woman whose calmness and serenity of disposition was remarkable. Sleeping with her deaf ear up Mrs. Whitaker at night was rarely disturbed by noises which robbed her husband of his rest. The hum of the mosquitoes which maddened him was not heard by her. A passing thunder storm which roused him in a summer night and sent him flying about to close the windows would leave her in perfect unconsciousness of its existence. The noises in the street and the rattling of the window-sashes upon windy nights frequently filled Mr. Whitaker with vexation as they deprived him of sleep; but his wife slumbered sweetly on and heard them not. Indeed, it rarely happened that she heard the crying of the baby until Mr. Whitaker, indignant at its refusal to go to sleep, would rouse her by shaking her, and would ask her to try and soothe the little one. Mr. Whitaker had often remonstrated with his wife about this habit of sleeping with her deaf ear up, and she had often replied good-humoredly with a promise to try to remember to break herself of it, but somehow or other it continued to cling to her.

One night in winter time Mr. Whitaker sat up in his library until a late hour reading a book in which he was very much interested. His wife retired early. Mr. Whitaker finally closed his book, and after locking the front door went down in the cellar, in accordance with his custom, to see if the furnace fire had been fixed properly for the night. While he was poking it a gust of wind came through the screen upon one of the cellar windows and slammed the door leading into the back hallway above, through which he had come. For a moment Mr. Whitaker did not think of the matter particularly, but suddenly he remembered that he had put a spring lock on the other side of that door, and the thought struck him that the catch might possibly be down. He ascended the stairs and tried the door. The catch was down; and he had no key. He was locked in the cellar, for the key of the out-cellar door he knew was in the kitchen.

He could hardly think what he had better do about the matter, but finally he concluded to make his wife hear him and come to his rescue. He seized the long and heavy furnace poker, and inserting the crook of it above the bell wire that ran along the joist of the cellar ceiling he pulled. The bell jangled loudly, but it was in the kitchen and Mrs. Whitaker was in the front room in the second story. Would she hear it? He pulled the wire again, twice; then he sat down on the steps and waited. There was no response. It then flashed upon the mind of the imprisoned man that Mrs. Whitaker was probably sleeping with the deaf ear up. This increased his growing irritation, and he pulled the bell-wire with the poker 15 or 20 times. "I could hear that a mile from here if I were deaf as a post!" he exclaimed as he threw the poker on the floor and took his seat again, with the bell still vibrating. But Mrs. Whitaker did not hear the noise, for no sound of her coming reached the ears of her impatient and indignant husband. He grew angrier every moment. He felt a sense of injustice. It seemed unkind, inhuman for his wife to be sleeping away calmly upstairs while he was locked up in the cellar. "I'll make her hear me or break something," he exclaimed, seizing the poker and hooking it upon the bell-wire. Then he pulled the wire with such furious energy that he broke it, and the jangling of the bell died away into silence.

"It is a little short of scandalous," said Mr. Whitaker in a rage. "I have spoken so often to Ellen about sleeping with her deaf ear up, that it looks like malice, deliberate, fiendish malice, when she persists in doing it." What should he do next? He could not stay in the cellar all night, and he did not like to batter down the door with the poker. A happy thought! He went to the furnace and with the help of the hatchet from the kindling-wood pile he cut the tin flue which conveyed the heat up to Mrs. Whitaker's room. Certainly he could compel her to hear him now. He put his mouth to the broken flue and called, "Ellen—Ellen!" Then he stopped and listened. He thought

he could hear Ellen breathing softly in her sleep, but he was not certain. He called again more loudly, and then put his fingers in his mouth and whistled. "Probably I can wake the baby anyhow, and the baby will wake her," he said; but no response came down the flue. The baby seemed to be sleeping with almost supernatural soundness, and, manifestly, Mrs. Whitaker had her deaf ear up.

Mr. Whitaker was almost beside himself with rage. "A woman," he said, "who would treat her husband in such a manner as this, is capable of anything. Either Ellen will stop sleeping with her deaf ear up or we will separate." A third time he applied his lips to the tin pipe and bawled into it until he was hoarse. He thought he heard his spouse walking across the floor, but when he called again there was no response, and he knew that he was mistaken. The soul of Mr. Whitaker was filled with gloom. In his anger he indulged in sardonic humor. "I suppose she rather relishes having me down in the cellar here all night; it is a good joke! But let her take care! She may laugh upon the other side of her mouth before we are done with this business!" And he laughed a wild and bitter laugh. Poor Mrs. Whitaker, sleeping sweetly upstairs, in perfect unconsciousness, would have been deeply pained to learn how gravely her husband wronged her.

"I must get out of here somehow or other," said Mr. Whitaker. "The window is small, but I can crawl through it, I reckon, if I try." He unhooked the frame containing the wire screen which protected the window and pushed it outward. Then procuring a wash tub and climbing from it to the window sill he thrust his head out and dragged his body through. When he reached the front pavement his face was covered with cobwebs and his clothes with coal dust; but he exulted in the thought that he was a free man.

He took his dead-latch key from his pocket and was about to try to open the front door, when he remembered that he had locked the door and put up the chain bolt. There was no use trying to ring the bell. The wire was broken, and Mrs. Whitaker wouldn't hear the bell if the wire hadn't been broken. There was but one last hope of making her hear, and that was of throwing gravel stones against the window. Mr. Whitaker tried the experiment. The first handful produced no effect. The sleeper did not hear it. Neither did she hear the second handful, nor the third, nor the tenth, which was dashed against the glass with such violence that Mr. Whitaker expected to see it shiver to fragments.

Mr. Whitaker was at his wit's end. There was a faint light burning in the room, and as he looked up at it and thought of his wife slumbering quietly on while he was in such great trouble, his wrath grew so fierce that he felt capable of doing something really terrible. But what should he do? The poor lady was as much beyond his reach, for the time, as it had been in China. He thought for a moment of trying to borrow a ladder; but where could he get a ladder in the middle of the night? No; as his sense of personal injury deepened he more and more firmly resolved that he would punish Ellen somehow or other for her indifference. As he could not obtain admission to his own house, why should he not fly? Why should he not go off somewhere and give his wife something to worry over in repayment for all the wrong she had inflicted upon him by persisting, against his earnest and repeated remonstrance, in sleeping with her deaf ear up?

Mr. Whitaker turned passionately away from the house and walked rapidly down the street. He had no particular destination in his mind, but he hurried along with a vague notion that he might perhaps go to a hotel when he felt calmer. In a few moments he came to the railroad depot not far from his dwelling. It was brilliantly lighted, and as he looked at it he remembered that a train started for New York at midnight. He walked into the waiting room. The minute hand on the huge marble clock indicated three or four minutes of 12. Mr. Whitaker rushed up to the ticket office and bought a ticket for New York. Then he hurried into the car and took a seat. He had upon his head his velvet smoking-cap, so that his appearance did not excite remark. Presently the train started and Mr. Whitaker actually felt a kind of malicious joy as he thought he would soon be far away from his wife.

It was a slow train, and he had plenty of time to think, and as he thought his passion began to cool, and the conviction began to press in upon him that he had been behaving very foolishly. How absurd it was to blame poor Ellen because he had locked himself in the cellar! He pictured her lying by the side of the baby, calm in the belief that he was still sitting in the library. This recalled to his mind her deaf ear and her fondness for sleeping with it up. Then he had a revulsion of feeling and he began to grow angry again. But this was a mere flash. Steadily he advanced toward a more reasonable view of the situation, and as he did so he concluded that it would be a great act of folly to go all the way to New York. He asked the conductor the name of the next station. It was Bristol. He made up his mind to get

out there and to go home early in the morning. He really felt badly to think how much alarmed and distressed his wife would be when she discovered his absence.

When he stepped from the train at Bristol rain was falling quite rapidly, and one feeble light in front of the station shone through the deep darkness. Mr. Whitaker inquired of the man upon the platform the way to a hotel, and then he started to go to it. In descending the wet and slippery steps of the platform he lost his footing and fell. He was very much hurt and found that he could not rise. He called for help and when the railroad man—the only man who was anywhere about—came to him, he discovered that further assistance would be required, for Mr. Whitaker's leg was broken. The man soon brought three other men, and placing the hurt man upon a board they carried him to a hotel and sent for a doctor. If Mr. Whitaker, sitting in the car, had thought himself a very foolish man, what did Mr. Whitaker, lying far away from home in a wretched hotel, with his leg broken, think of himself? Mr. Whitaker thought that if there was a colossal idiot on this earth he was that personage.

Early in the morning he sent a telegram to his wife, urging her to come to him at once, and right speedily came a reply from her, saying that she would take the train which ordinarily reached Bristol at nine o'clock. From the window of his bedroom in the hotel the invalid could see the station and the railroad, and as he watched them, while he longed for the train to come, he tried to arrange in his mind, for his wife, an explanation of his conduct which would present it in the best possible light.

Mr. Whitaker resolved, after thinking the matter over, that the best thing to do would be frankly to confess his fault and to throw himself upon his wife's mercy. He heard the whistle which announced the approach of the nine o'clock train. The train came in view and drew up at the station. Mr. Whitaker looked eagerly at the persons who got out of the cars, but Ellen was not among them. She had not come. He fell back upon the bed with a sigh and began again to grow angry with her.

But the poor woman was on that train. Alarmed by the discovery when she rose in the morning that Mr. Whitaker was not in the house, her alarm was increased when she received the telegram sent by him. What could be the explanation of the mystery of his disappearance? She was so agitated that she could hardly prepare for the journey. But she reached the depot and got into the car, and began to move toward Bristol. Somewhat weary from too great nervous excitement, she placed her muff against the frame of the car window and rested her head upon it, while her veil covered her closed eyes. Unhappily she had arranged herself with her deaf ear up, and so she did not hear the conductor when he shouted "Bristol!" and she was so deeply absorbed in thinking of Mr. Whitaker that she did not notice that the train had stopped.

When he found that his wife had not come, Mr. Whitaker made up his mind to go home at all hazards. A steamboat stopped at the wharf at half-past nine, on its way to the city; and borne upon a litter he had himself carried on board. In an hour he was at the city wharf, whence a wagon carried him to his house. He was shocked and disappointed to ascertain from the servant that Mrs. Whitaker had gone to see him in the train in which she said she would go. He could not comprehend why she had missed him; and all day long he lay in bed worrying about her and wondering why she did not come.

Mrs. Whitaker got back to Bristol about noon, and ascertained by inquiry that her husband had returned, with a broken leg, to the city. There was no train that she could take until four o'clock, and she spent the interval in inquiring about the accident to Mr. Whitaker and in trying vainly to ascertain the reason of his extraordinary conduct. About half-past five o'clock he heard her voice in the lower entry. He listened eagerly to her quick footsteps upon the stairs. Then she flung the door open. Mrs. Whitaker did not speak as she entered the room. She uttered a little cry, flew to the bedside, and put her arms about her husband's neck and kissed him.

Mr. Whitaker felt that if he should have exact justice dealt to him he would be sent to the scaffold. When she had nearly smothered him with kisses she sat down beside him, and taking hold of his hand said, "And now, dearest, tell me what caused all this strange trouble?" "Why, you know, Ellen," said Mr. Whitaker, "it was your deaf ear."

"How do you mean?" "You slept with it up."

And then Mr. Whitaker related the whole story, and as he did so his wife began to cry.

"I am so sorry," she said. "I will promise you never to sleep with my deaf ear up again; never, never, never!"

"Ellen," responded Mr. Whitaker, "you will do me a favor if you will always sleep with it up and stuff cotton in your other ear besides! I have behaved like a wretch."

Then the doctor, who had been vainly pulling at the broken bell-wire, knocked upon the front door and came in to examine Mr. Whitaker's fractured leg.—[Charles Heber Clark in Our Continent.]

To Cure a Cold One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25 cents.

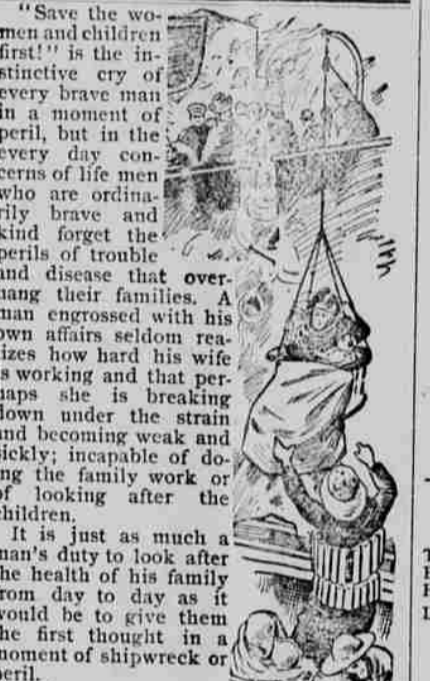
Cape or Collarette of Seal and Astrakhan.

A novelty of the season is a most convenient and modish little garment that is called either a cape or a collarette. The engraving shows a smart little cape of this sort which appeared in a recent number of *The Delineator*. It reaches to the waist-line at the back and front and over the elbows at the sides, and thus provides an appreciable protection in weather that is not too severe. It is most effective when made of fur of any fashionable variety, selection being governed by one's purse quite as much as by one's taste, unless the former is plentifully



long. There are, however, some few inexpensive furs that are within the reach of even moderately well-filled purses and for those to whom fur is impossible there are velvet, astrakhan cloth or fine smooth cloth, trimmed, perhaps, with bands of fur. Astrakhan and seal combine very stylishly in these little capes, which have a yoke composed of gores shaped to fit closely about the neck and flare in Medici style above, and below the yoke a circular part sweeps out into fashionable breadth. The mode is especially becoming to slender young women of sweet carriage.

Specially prepared for us by The Butterick Publishing Co., (Limited).



"Save the women and children first!" is the instinctive cry of every brave man in a moment of peril, but in the every day concerns of life men who are ordinarily brave and kind forget the perils of trouble and disease that overhang their families. A man engrossed with his own affairs seldom realizes how hard his wife is working and that perhaps she is breaking down under the strain and becoming weak and sickly, incapable of doing the family work or of looking after the children.

It is just as much a man's duty to look after the health of his family from day to day as it would be to give them the first thought in a moment of shipwreck or peril.

It does not cost anything more than a few minutes of time to write to Dr. E. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute of Buffalo, N. Y., who will give the best professional advice free of charge with suggestions for inexpensive home-treatment whereby any of the family who are weak and ill may be put on their feet again well and strong and hearty.

For thirty years Dr. Pierce has successfully treated many of the most obstinate and apparently hopeless cases of severe chronic disease. His medicines are known throughout the whole world for their astonishing efficacy. His "Golden Medical Discovery" is the most perfect remedy for all weak and debilitated conditions of the system. It gives power to the digestive organs to transmute the food into muscular flesh and active energy. His "Pain-Expeller" is the most successful medicine ever devised for the delicate ailments peculiar to women.

His "Pleasant Pellets" are the best mild and natural laxative for constipation.

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Liberation Notice. This is to certify that I have this day given to my wife, Arthur Morrill, the rest of his claim none of his wages or pay none of his debts contracted after date.

WILLIAM A. MORRILL, West Danville, Vt., Oct. 18, 1897.

ALWAYS INSIST ON Taylor's PREMIUM CHOCOLATE UNEXCELLED FOR DRAWING, COOKING, BAKING & FOR BREAKFAST & SUPPER CANNOT BE SURPASSED. GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.

RATHER REMARKABLE.

A Half Dozen Ideas Will Suggest Themselves to the Reader While Perusing This.

It is seldom that a passenger on board a train gives a thought to the man at the throttle, and rarer still that a man chosen above all others by the people does so. Of all the flowers placed on the Presidential train as it passed through Pittsburgh and Allegheny City on its way to Washington, there is one cluster of white carnations destined to be preserved for generations and handed down to children and grandchildren as long as the petals and stems will hold together. That was the handsome bouquet presented by President McKinley to the locomotive engineer in charge of the train which he just spoken of. This graceful act of the President has nothing to do with Locomotive Engineer O. R. Parker, of No. 8 Rugg street, St. Albans, Vt., passenger engineer on the C. V. R. R. We merely introduce him in this way so that in a measure the reader may know whom we are talking about, and if afflicted as he was, the benefit of his valuable advice can be utilized. Read what he says: "Backache was a great source of suffering to me, and at times I was not fit for anything. Doan's Kidney Pills did me a wonderful amount of good. I was surprised how quickly they helped me. About six months ago I felt a soreness over my kidneys. It bothered me during the day if I walked fast, or ran, or made a misstep so as to jar my body. It bothered me at night if I carefully turned in bed, and often felt both day and night as if a knife was being thrust into my back. I consulted two doctors, one of whom said I had strained a cord or ligament too deeply seated to be touched by ordinary plasters. He prepared a special lot which were so powerful that they blistered my back but did not remove the pain. One day I was complaining to Mr. Roy Niles, when he advised me to use Doan's Kidney Pills, saying that he had tried them and had received much benefit. I bought two boxes. They removed the soreness. I can walk, run, twist or turn without being afraid of excruciating twinges. I rest well at night, and other complications which followed from disordered kidneys have been greatly relieved. I take pleasure in recommending Doan's Kidney Pills to all railroad men."

For sale by all dealers. Price, 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., Sole Agents for the United States. Remember the name, "Doan's," and take no substitute.

Mrs. A. Boucher of Eastern Avenue, calls your attention to her

Fall . . . Millinery.

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MAINE CENTRAL R. R.

Through the White Mountains To Lancaster, Colebrook, North Conway, Boston, Portland, Lewiston, Bangor, Bar Harbor and St. John.

LOCAL TIME TABLE—ON AND AFTER LEAVING ST. JOHNSBURY.

| | A.M. | P.M. |
|------------------|------|------|
| St. Johnsbury, | 3.00 | 2.45 |
| Lewiston, | 4.00 | 3.45 |
| Whitefield, | 5.12 | 3.57 |
| Quebec Junction, | 6.25 | 4.15 |
| Jefferson, | 4.50 | 4.25 |
| Lancaster, ar., | 5.15 | 4.40 |

LEAVING LANCASTER.

| | A.M. | P.M. |
|-----------------------|-------|------|
| Lancaster, | 12.25 | 7.40 |
| Jefferson, | 12.40 | 7.55 |
| Quebec Junction, ar., | 12.50 | 8.05 |
| " " " " " " " " | 1.12 | 8.20 |
| Whitefield, | 1.21 | 8.32 |
| Lewiston, ar., | 1.35 | 8.45 |
| St. Johnsbury, ar., | 2.30 | 9.40 |

THROUGH TRAINS.

| | A.M. | P.M. |
|----------------|-----------|-----------|
| St. Johnsbury, | 3.00 a.m. | 2.45 p.m. |
| North Conway, | 3.15 | 3.05 |
| Portland, | 8.25 | 8.10 |

Boston via Portland, 12.50 p.m. 5.57 a.m.

Lewiston, 9.45 a.m. 1.20 " "

Bangor, 3.25 p.m. 4.45 " "

Bar Harbor, 6.20 " 9.55 " "

St. John, 10.40 " 1.00 p.m.

Trains arrive at St. Johnsbury from Boston, Portland, Lewiston, Augusta, North Conway and White Mountain resorts 2.30 and 9.40 p.m.

GEORGE F. EVANS, Gen. Mgr. F. E. BOOTHBY, G. P. & T. A.

BOSTON & MAINE R. R. PASSENGER DIVISION

WINTER ARRANGEMENT, OCT. 4, 1897. Trains Leave St. Johnsbury.

GOING SOUTH. For Concord, Manchester, Nashua, Lowell and Boston via White River Junction, 12.30 and 9.00 a.m., arriving at Boston 8.15 a.m. and 4.35 p.m.

For Concord, Manchester, Nashua, Lowell and Boston via Wells River and Plymouth, 1.40 a.m. (daily), 9.00 a.m. and 2.34 p.m. Arriving at Boston, 8.10 a.m., 4.35 and 8.30 p.m.

For White River Junction, Bellows Falls, Northampton, Springfield, Hartford, New Haven and New York, 12.30, and 9.00 a.m. and 6.00 p.m.

For Newbury, Bradford, Norwich and White River Junction, 12.30 and 9.00 a.m. and 6.00 p.m.

For Falmespice, Barnet and Melndoes, 9.00 a.m., 6.00 p.m.

For Wells River, 12.30 and 9.00 a.m. and 6.00 p.m.

For Montpelier, 9.00 a.m., 2.34 p.m. and 6.00 p.m.

For Littleton, 9.00 a.m., 2.34 and 6.00 p.m.

GOING NORTH. For Lyndonville and Newport, 2.20, 3.15 and 10.45 a.m., 3.15 and 4.27 p.m.

For West Burke, Barton and Barton Landing, 3.15 and 10.45 a.m., 3.15 and 4.27 p.m.

For Stanstead and Derby Line, Massachusetts, North Hatley, Lennoxville and Sherbrooke, 3.15 and 10.45 a.m., 3.15 and 4.27 p.m.

For Quebec via Sherbrooke and Grand Trunk Ry., 3.15 a.m. and 4.27 p.m.

For Quebec via Sherbrooke and Grand Trunk Ry., 3.15 a.m. and 4.27 p.m.

For Montreal via New York and Canadian Pacific Ry., 2.20 a.m. (daily), 3.13 p.m.

D. J. FLANDERS, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt.

ST. JOHNSBURY AND LAKE CHAMPLAIN R. R.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT, OCT. 4, 1897. Trains Leave St. Johnsbury.

GOING WEST. For Danville, Hardwick, Morrisville, Cambridge Junction, Burlington, St. Albans and Rutland 7.30 a.m. and 5.20 p.m.

For Danville, West Danville, Walden, Greensboro, East Hardwick, Hardwick, Morrisville, Hyde Park, 7.30 a.m., 3.20 and 4.40 p.m.

For Johnson, Cambridge Junction, Burlington, Fletcher, Fairfield, Sheldon, Highgate and Swanton, 7.30 a.m. and 3.20 p.m.

For St. Albans, St. John, and Montreal via East Swanton, 7.30 a.m. and 3.20 p.m.

GOING EAST. For East St. Johnsbury, North Concord, Miles Post and Lunenburg, 3.00 a.m., 2.45 and 4.45 (mixed) p.m.

For Whitefield, Fabyans, Crawford, Glen, North Conway, Fryeburg, Portland, Brunswick, Lewiston, Augusta, Waterville, Bangor and St. John, 3.00 a.m., 2.45 p.m.

For Boston via North Conway, 3.00 a.m. H. E. FOLSON, D. J. FLANDERS, Supt. Gen. Pass. Agt.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now *Chas. H. Fletcher* on every bear the fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," which has been used in the homes of the Mothers of America for over thirty years. LOOK CAREFULLY at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought *Chas. H. Fletcher* on the and has the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.

March 8, 1897. Samuel Pitcher, M.D.

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"The Kind You Have Always Bought" BEARS THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF

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